NUMB. XVII.

The GRUMBLER.

By Squire GIZZARD.

Illud amicitiæ ſanctum ac venerabile nomen,
Re jam pro vili, ſub pedibuſq; jacet. Ovid.

From *Friday* May 13. to *Tueſday* May 17. 1715.

NOTHING has more contributed to the increaſe of Gentlemen *Grumblers*, than the abſurd and impertinent Notions, which the generality of Mankind have entertained concerning Friendſhip. Although there is no Tie, which ought to be more ſacred, and more religiouſly obſerved, yet we ſee Perſons every Day entering into Friendſhips with the greateſt Raſhneſs, and as it were upon Sight. Men who thus lightly take up Friends upon Truſt, have no right to complain, if they are as lightly forſaken by them. Obſerve the ſplenetick and diſappointed *Timon*, who never yet drank a Bottle with any Man, but he opened to him his whole Soul; and yet, poor Man, when his Secrets come round again to his Ear, never once reflecting upon his own Indiſcretion, he exclaims againſt the Race of Men in general, and ſwears, that the Stories we read of Faith, Sincerity and Friendſhip are meer Romance.

To prevent all ſuch frivolous *Grumblers* from interrupting Converſation for the future, with diſappointments of their own creating; I ſhall draw up ſome Directions to aſſiſt the unexperienced in the choice of their Friends.

True Friendſhip is a perfect Union between two Souls, founded upon a mutual Eſteem and intimate Acquaintance, without any farther view than the Happineſs of each other. Every Fellowſhip that comes ſhort of this Definition (let the World beſtow upon it what Appellations they will) is either a falſe Amity, or ſuch a Benevolence as wants Time to ripen it into Friendſhip.

In all Caſes, where a Perſon is in a capacity of ſerving another, or has it in his Power to obſtruct his good Fortune, Profeſſions of Friendſhip are to be ſuſpected.

Farther, I pronounce all Intimacies, which are contracted on account of a ſimilitude of ill Habits or Vices, to be of very ſhort Duration, and that Perſons united by ſuch a Bond, are far from meriting the glorious Name of *Friends*. For, as Eſteem is eſſential to the very Being of Friendſhip, ſo nothing but Vertue can produce a real Eſteem. To this purpoſe *Portius* ſpeaks to his Brother in the Tragedy of *Cato*.

Marcus, *the Friendſhips of the World are oft*
Confederacies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleaſure;
Ours has ſevereſt Vertue for its Baſis,
And ſuch a Friendſhip ends not but with Life.

This naturally leads me to obſerve, that all the Familiarities and Endearments, which commonly paſs amongſt the boon Companions of this Town, eſpecially after the Watch has gone about, are utterly unworthy of the Stile of Friendſhip; for the Man who profeſſes himſelf your Friend, when he is in ſome meaſure deprived of his Senſes, will be very apt to diſown you, when he has recovered them.

Laſtly,

(Price Two-Pence.)

Lastly, I would ſtrongly recommend this one Precaution to all my Diſciples, which is, never to enter any Men upon the Liſt of ſincere Friends, till upon ſome Occaſion or other they have ſerved them, even to their own Diſadvantage, or at leaſt with ſome Hazard and Difficulty.

I muſt here remark, that ſome are apt to be miſtaken in judging even of the Inclinations of their own Hearts, and believe themſelves Friends, when in reality they are barely not Enemies. The only way therefore to know one's ſelf throughly upon this Occaſion, will be by the following Teſt: If I feel an immediate Pleaſure riſing within me upon the encreaſe of the Reputation or good Fortune of a Companion, who has it not in his Power to ſerve me; and on the other hand, if I am troubled at any Calumny fixed upon him, or Misfortune that befals him; I may be ſatisfied that my Friendſhip towards him is real, ſince my Heart is actuated by the ſame Concern for him, as it would be for my ſelf.

My Brother *Tom*, who, as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it, *has been hackneyed in the Ways of Men*, has for ſome Time practiſed a judicious, though ſeemingly odd, Method of throwing his Friends into ſeveral Claſſes. The other Day, I ſurprized him at his Scrutore, with a Pocket-Book in his Hand, which till that Moment none of our Family had ever ſeen. It was divided into Five Parts, and had for its Title, *A Muſter-Roll of all ſuch as have, upon ſome Occaſion or other, made hearty Profeſſions of Friendſhip to me.*

I ſhould have premiſed, that *Tom* is very expert at drawing Figures with his Pen, before I proceeded in my Account of his Pocket-Book. At the Head of each of the Five Diviſions mentioned, he had very ingeniouſly expreſſed ſome ſignificant Hieroglyphick.

The firſt Emblem which I ſaw, was a *Quart Bottle*. This took up half a Page; under it for ten Pages together, was a Liſt of Names, moſt of which had been ſcored out, and ſome of them interlined with new ones. I was at a loſs to know what might be the meaning of all this; when my Brother, ſmiling, ſaid, 'Dear *Anthony*, I ſee thou 'art puzzling thy ſelf over a Catalogue of my 'Bottle Companions. They are a Set of People, 'as you may ſee by the Interlineations, that ne'ver continue long the ſame; one comes, ano'ther goes; and in this populous City, a Perſon 'of any tolerable Converſation can never be at a 'loſs to compleat his Number. Three Years ago 'indeed, I remember, upon a ſevere Fit of Sick'neſs, I was obliged to cancel my whole Liſt 'with one daſh of my Pen: My Phyſician having 'confined me for Six Months to a Pint a Day.

The Figure that came next, was an *open Purſe*, with the Strings hanging looſe. There were about twenty Names regiſtred under it, and a Croſs drawn over all but one. 'Theſe, continued *Tom*, 'were my very good Friends, till I had diſobli'ged them, by lending them Money. One of them 'has repaid me, and is not aſhamed of my Com'pany.

The Third Device was a *Gibbet*, followed by a long Train of above an Hundred Perſons, all ſtruck out. 'Why, *Tom*, ſaid I, have all theſe 'honeſt Fellows of thy Acquaintance been hang'ed; or are they a Band of Highwaymen, that 'thou deſigneſt to inform againſt at the next Quar'ter Seſſions? On the contrary, anſwered he, 'they are moſt of them Men in conſiderable Em'ployments. You muſt know, we were a kind 'of a Society, united about Three Years ago by 'one common Danger, with a Reſolution to ſtand 'by one another, as well as the Conſtitution, in 'all Extremities. But upon the firſt of *Auguſt* 'laſt, three or four began to fall off; and in a 'few Days more, there was obſerved a univerſal 'Coldneſs amongſt us all. And now it is come 'to that paſs, that for theſe laſt three Months I 'have hardly been favoured with ſo much as a 'Bow from any of theſe Gentlemen, with whom 'I was linked at the hazard of my Life and 'Fortune.

Turning over the next Leaf, I ſaw the Picture of a *Heart*, with only three Names below it; two of which had a Line drawn through them. 'Theſe, ſaid my Brother, (ſeeing me pauſe) are 'three School-Fellows of mine, whom I had 'pitched upon for my Boſom-Friends. For ſome 'Years, without interruption, we exerciſed all 'the mutual good Offices of Life towards each 'other; but, to my Misfortune, one of them was 'made a Lord about two Years ſince, and the 'other married a fine Lady this Winter.

I was going on to the fifth Diviſion, when *Tom* ſnatched the Book out of my Hand in ſome Confuſion. Thereupon I told him, that I ſuppoſed the remaining Pages were ſet apart for his Female Friends; and that I was ſorry to ſee there was room for more than one.

LONDON: *Printed by* W. WILKINS, *at the* Dolphin *in* Little-Britain; *and Sold by* J. ROBERTS, *in* Warwick-Lane.
Where Advertiſements are taken in.

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